

Rhymes Like Dimes (feat. DJ Cucumber Slice)

MF DOOM

Yo, yo, yo, y'all can't stand right here
In his right hand was your man's worst nightmare
Loud enough to burst his right eardrum close-range
The game is not only dangerous, but it's most strange I sell rhymes like dimes
The one who mostly keep cash but brag about the broker times
Joking rhymes, like the "Is you just happy to see me?" trick
Classical slapstick rappers need Chapstick
A lot of 'em sound like they in a talent show
So I give 'em something to remember like the Alamo
Tally-ho! A high Joker like a Spades game
Came back from five years laying and stayed the same
I'm saying - electromagnetic field it blocks all logic, Spock
And G-Shocks her biological clock
When I hit it, slit it to the shitter, thought I killed her goose
Her Power U was pure Brita water, filtered juice
Keep a pen like a fiend keep a pipe with him
Gentleman who lent a pen to a friend who write with him
Never seen the shit again but he's still my dunny
The only thing that come between us is krill and money
I sell rhymes like dimes
The one who mostly keep cash but brag about the broke times Better rhymes make for better songs, it matters not
If you got a lot of what it takes just to get along
Surrender now or suffer serious setbacks
Got get-back, connects wet-back, get stacks
Even if you gots to get jet-black, head to toe
To get the dough, battle for bottles of Mo' or 'dro
This fly flow take practice like Tae Bo with Billy Blanks
"Oh, you're too kind!" "Really? Thanks!"
To the gone and lost forever like "Oh My Darling Clementine"
He hold his heart when he telling rhyme
When it's his time, I hope his soul go to Heaven
He nasty like the old time Old No. 7
You still taste it when you chase it with the Coca-Cola
Make 'em wish they could erase it out the Motorola
I told her - no credit for a bag
If you want what they got, then go get it, it's all gak
Only in America could you find a way to earn a healthy buck
And still keep your attitude on self-destruct I sell rhymes like dimes
The one who mostly keep cash but brag about the broker times

Joking rhymes, like the "Is you just happy to see me?" trick
Classical slapstick rappers need Chapstick
A lot of 'em sound like they in a talent show
So I give 'em something to remember like the Alamo
Tally-ho! A high Joker like a Spades game
Came back from five years laying and stayed the same
I'm saying - electromagnetic field it blocks all logic, Spock
And G-Shocks her biological clock
When I hit it, slit it to the shitter, thought I killed her goose
Her Power U was pure Brita water, filtered juice
Keep a pen like a fiend keep a pipe with him
Gentleman who lent a pen to a friend who write with him
Never seen the shit again but he's still my dunny
The only thing that come between us is krill and money
I sell rhymes like dimes
The one who mostly keep cash but brag about the broke times

Songwriters

DANIEL DUMILE THOMPSONPublished by

Lyrics Â© NETTWERK ONE MUSIC (CANADA)LTD Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.

Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>